

# Confessions of a Caricaturist

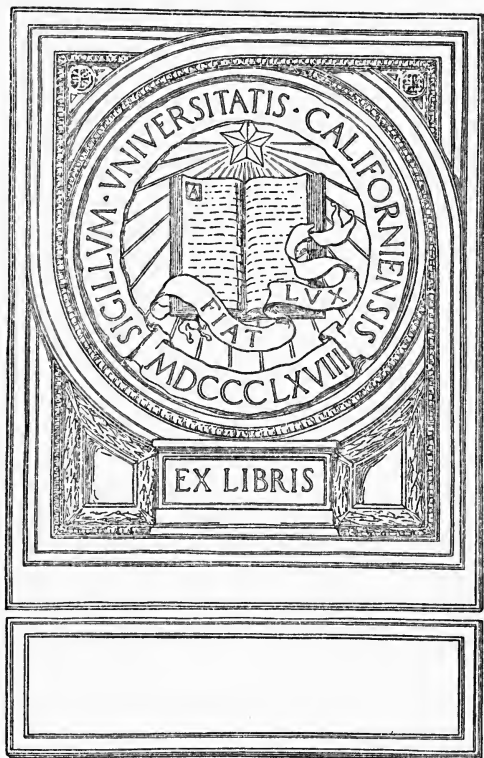
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## Oliver Herford







Confessions *of a* Caricaturist



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# Confessions *of a* Caricaturist

By  
Oliver Herford



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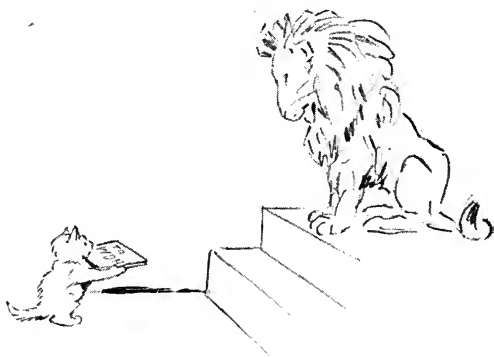
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TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



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Confessions *of a*  
Caricaturist





# William Dean Howells

Not squirrels in the park alone  
His love and winter-kindness own.  
When Literary Fledglings try  
Their wings, in first attempt to fly,  
They flutter down to Franklin Square,  
Where Howells in his "Easy Chair"  
Like good Saint Francis scatters crumbs  
Of Hope, to each small bird that comes.  
And since Bread, cast upon the main,  
Must to the giver come again,  
I tender now, long overtime,  
This humble Crumb of grateful rhyme.

(See Frontispiece)



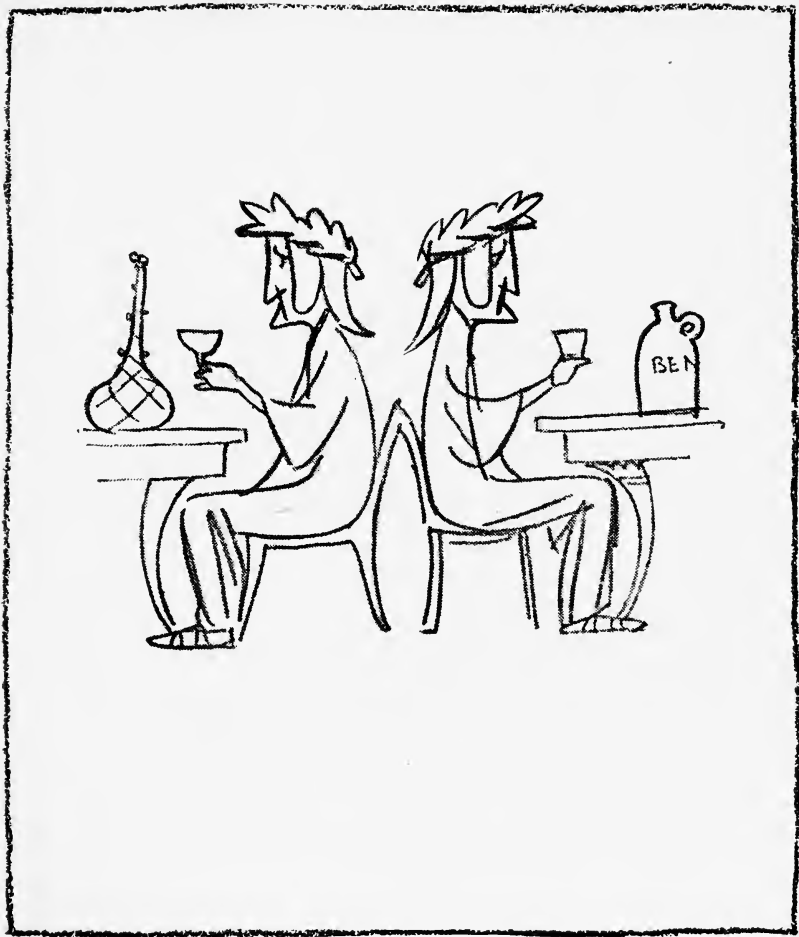
# Napoleon

I like to draw Napoleon best  
Because one hand is in his vest,  
The other hand behind his back.  
(For drawing hands I have no knack.)



## Dante

If you should ask me, whether Dante  
Drank Benedictine or Chianti,  
I should reply, "I cannot say,  
But I can draw him either way."



# Theodore Roosevelt

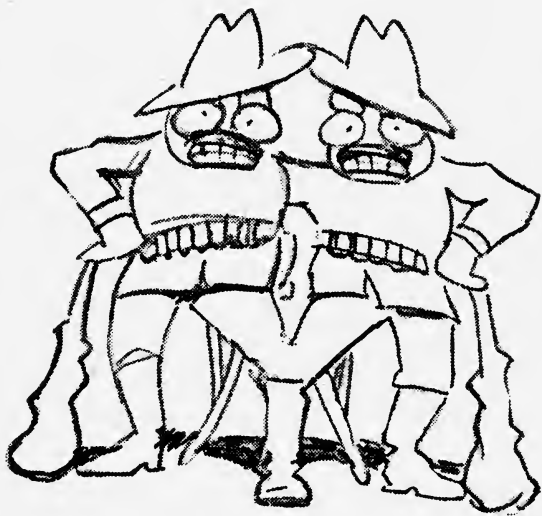
The ways of Providence are odd.  
If THEODORE means "The Gift of God,"  
Let us give thanks, at any rate,  
The Gift was not a duplicate.

Aside

(To T. R.)

Dear Theodore, should it give you pain  
To read this Rhyme, let me explain.  
If we 'exchanged' you, where on earth  
Could we find one of Equal worth?

*Chas. H. ...*



# Rudyard Kipling

I seem to see a Shining One,  
With eyes that gleam, now fierce, now tender,  
Through Goggles that reflect the Sun  
“With more than Oriental Splendor”;  
I see him sitting on a chest  
Heavy with padlocks, bolts, and cording,  
Where Untold Treasures hidden rest,  
Treasures of Untold Yarns he’s hoarding.  
Oh, Rudyard, please unlock that chest!  
With hope deferred we’re growing hoary;  
Or was it all an empty jest  
Your saying, “*That’s another story*”?





# Ignace Jan Paderewski

When Paderewski is forgot,  
Our children's children, like as not,  
Will worship in the Hall of Fame,  
Some great piano-maker's name.



## Daniel Frohman

I love to picture Daniel Frohman  
In costume of a noble Roman.  
For Dan has just the style of hair,  
That Julius Cæsar used to wear.



## Charles W. Eliot

And now comes Dr. Eliot stating  
That Hell won't bear investigating.  
It looks like Charlie's out to bust  
The Great Hell-Fire Insurance Trust.



## J. Pierpont Morgan

In Rome, when Morgan came to town,  
They nailed the Colosseum down.  
A great Collector! Once his Fad  
Was Coins, but when in time he had  
Collected all the coin in sight,  
To Europe's Art his thoughts took flight.  
But let not Europe palpitate  
For fear of an Art Syndicate.  
There are more Rembrandts, strange to say,  
Than ever were in Rembrandt's day;  
And statues "planted" in the sand  
Will always equal the demand.





## Gilbert K. Chesterton

Unless I'm very much misled,  
Chesterton's easier done than said.  
I have not seen him, but his looks  
I can imagine from his books.



# Guglielmo Marconi

I like Marconi best to see  
Beneath a Macaroni tree  
Playing that Nocturne in F Sharp  
By Chopin, on a Wireless Harp.

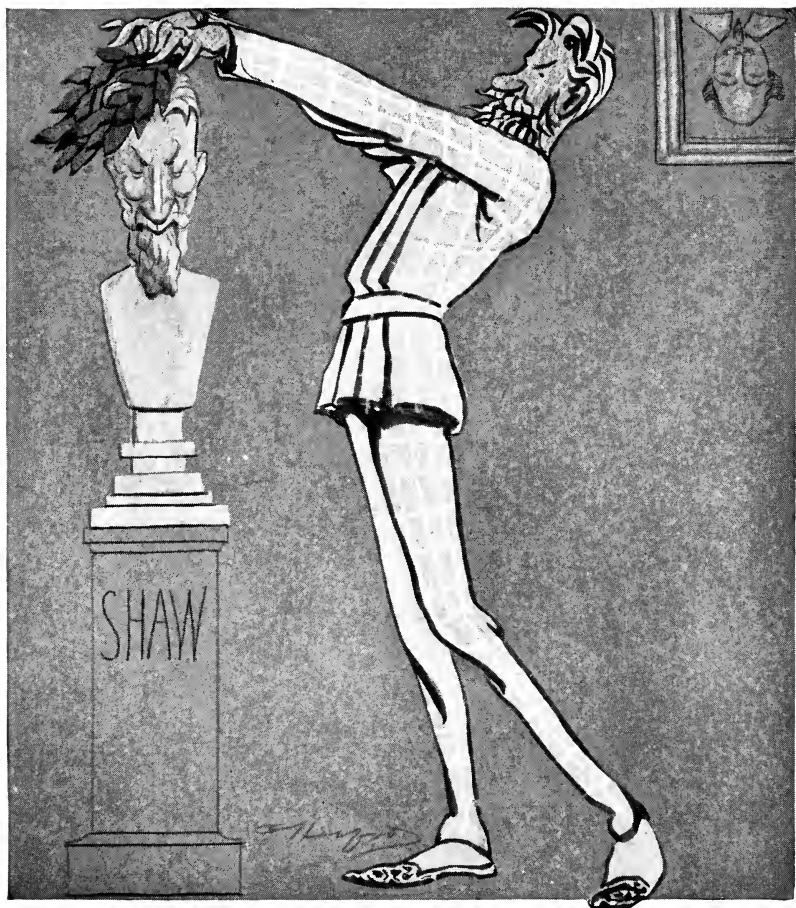


# George Bernard Shaw

The very name of Bernard Shaw  
Fills me with mingled Mirth and Awe.  
Mixture of Mephistopheles,  
Don Quixote, and Diogenes,  
The Devil's wit, the Don's Romance  
Joined to the Cynic's arrogance.  
Framed on Pythagorean plan,  
A Vegetable Souperman.  
Here you may see him crown with bay  
The Greatest Playwright of his day;\*  
Observe the look of Self Distrust  
And Diffidence—upon the bust.

---

\* For "his" read any.—G. B. S.



## Brander Matthews

I'd best beware how I make free  
With Brander Matthews L. L. D.  
Since Prexy Wilson's paved the way  
He may be President some day.





## John S. Sargent

Here's Sargent doing the Duchess X  
In pink velours and pea-green checks.  
"It helps," says he, "to lift your Grace  
A bit above the commonplace."



# Arnold Bennett

'Tis very comforting to know  
That every other day or so  
A Book by Bennett will appear  
To charm the Western Hemisphere.  
I see him now, with zeal sublime,  
Pounding from dawn to dinner-time  
Four typewriters, with hands and feet.  
When the four novels are complete,  
He'll fold, and send *à grande vitesse*  
His Quadrumanuscript to press.

P. S.

*Just think how much we'd have to read  
If Bennett were a centipede*

*O-H.*



## Shakespeare

Will Shakespeare, the Baconians say,  
Was the Belasco of his day—  
Others more plausibly maintain  
He was the double of Hall Caine.



# William Howard Taft

I'm sorry William Taft is out  
Of Politics; without a doubt  
Of all the Presidential crew  
He was the easiest to do.





## G. K. Chesterton

When Plain Folk, such as you or I,  
See the Sun sinking in the sky,  
We think it is the Setting Sun,  
But Mr. Gilbert Chesterton  
Is not so easily misled.  
He calmly stands upon his head,  
And upside down obtains a new  
And Chestertonian point of view,  
Observing thus, how from his toes  
The sun creeps nearer to his nose,  
He cries with wonder and delight,  
“How Grand the SUNRISE is to-night!”



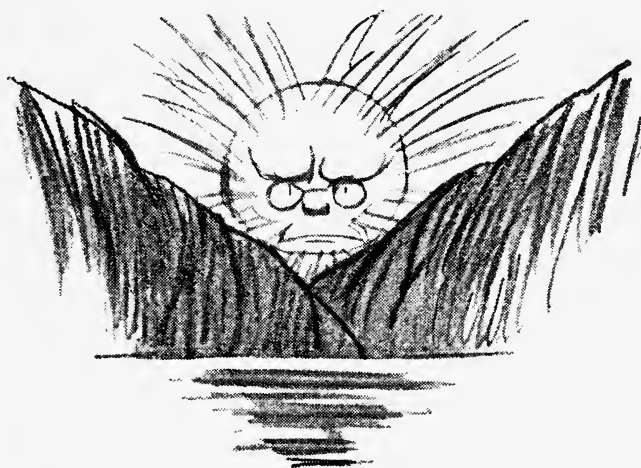
# David Belasco

Behold Belasco in his den,  
Wielding the scissors, paste and pen,  
And writing with consummate skill  
A play by W. De Mille.



## Henrik Ibsen

I once drew Ibsen, looking bored  
Across a deep Norwegian Fjord,  
And very nearly every one  
Mistook him for the midnight sun.



## J. Forbes—Robertson

I'm told the Artist who aspires  
To draw Forbes-Robertson requires  
A Sargent's brush. Dear me! how sad!  
I've lost the only one I had.





# John Drew

For Perfect Form there are but few  
That can compare with Mr. Drew;  
A Form most fittingly displayed  
In rôles from London, tailor-made  
By Messrs. Maughn, Pinero, Jones,  
In quiet, gentlemanly tones.  
The *Nouveaux-Riches* flock, day by day,  
To learn from John how to display  
(Without unnecessary gloom)  
The manners of the drawing-room.  
This possibly may be the cause  
(Or one of them) why John Drew draws.



## Israel Zangwill

This picture though it is not much  
Like Zangwill, is not void of worth  
It has one true Zangwillian touch  
It looks like nothing else on earth.



## George Bernard Shaw

George Bernard Shaw—Oh, yes, I know  
I did him not so long ago.

But then, you see, I *like* to do  
George Bernard Shaw (George likes it too).



# Peter Dunne

*By the Harp*

“Shpeaking of Harps, sure me frind Pete  
Has got the Harp of Tara beat,”  
Said Mr. Dooley. “Div’l a thing  
That boy can’t play upon won shtring.  
For all the wurrld, to hear him play  
You’d think ’twas a whole orchestray.  
Great Shtatesmen come from far and near  
And shtop their talking, just to hear  
Him harp upon the latest kinks  
In politics and social jinks.  
Niver was such a music sharp,  
I’d orter know, sure *I’m* the Harp.”





## Saint Paul

It saddens me to think Saint Paul  
Such lengthy letters had to scrawl.  
And so to make his labor lighter  
I picture him with a typewriter.



## John D. Rockefeller

Few faces interest me less  
Than Rockefeller's, I confess.  
'Twould vastly better suit my whim  
To draw his bank account, than him.



## Hiram Maxim

From Hiram Maxim's hair you'd think  
His specialty was spilling ink—  
You'd never dream he'd spilt more blood  
Than any one man since the Flood.



# George Ade

Somehow I always like to think  
Of GEORGEADE as a Summer Drink,  
Sparkling and cool, with just a Tang  
Of Pleasant Effervescent Slang;  
A Wholesome Tonic, without question,  
And Cure for Moral Indigestion.  
In Summer-time, beneath the shade,  
We find Refreshment in GEORGEADE.  
And 'mid the Scorching City's roar  
We drink him up and call for more.  
I often wonder what the "Trade"  
Buys half so precious as GEORGEADE.





# Christopher Columbus

Columbus is an easy one  
To draw, for when the picture's done,  
Where is the captious critic who  
Can say the likeness is not true?



## F. W. Hohenzollern

In things like this I've always tried  
To look upon the Brighter Side;  
And when I see the Prince, I say  
"The Crown's worth *something* anyway."





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*Picture of O. H. and  
Hafiz, the "Persian Kitten,"  
by James Montgomery Flagg.*



## Hafiz

When Hafiz saw the portrait free,  
By Monty Flagg, of him and me,  
He made remarks one can't repeat  
In any reputable sheet.







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